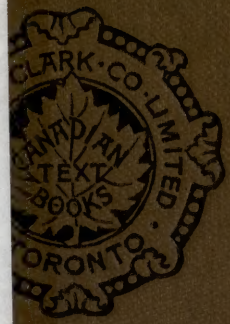
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ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY

EDITED BY
W. J. ALEXANDER

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AN ANTHOLOGY

OF

ENGLISH POETRY

FOR SCHOOLS

CHOSEN AND EDITED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE.

The needs of the class-room have been the determining factor in the choice and arrangement of the following selections. Many poems might very properly be included in a volume designed for the private reading of the young, which would be unsuitable for class instruction. It is within the experience of everyone who has in youth indulged a natural taste for poetry, that he was stimulated and delighted by much which he could only vaguely or partially comprehend. But when a passage has to be studied in class, insurmountable, or a large number of surmountable, obstacles are likely to make the subject repulsive, whilst to slight or neglect these difficulties tends to the formation of improper intellectual habits. It is, therefore, necessary that the selections included in this volume should be fairly within both the intellectual and emotional range of the majority of young people. On the other hand, there may be an excess of simplicity; utter simplicity in art appeals rather to the fully-matured taste than to the beginner. The beauty and power of style may be more easily brought home to the consciousness of the novice in literature through a passage from Macaulay than through one from Newman, partly because there is more of artifice in the former. It may be doubted whether *We are Seven*, simple alike in thought and style, and dealing, too, with the period of childhood, will interest the young, or, indeed, seem other than trivial to them. Again, when a class is entering upon the study of poetry, a considerable number of the pieces read should present difficulties in detailed interpretation—words, phrases, images, and ideas whose force and relation to the whole are not at first glance apparent, yet which are of such a character as to be capable of solution by the student himself, or of elucidation by the questions of the teacher. It is not merely that the pupil is thus forced to undergo the wholesome mental

discipline of thinking for himself, but that there is thus impressed upon him the consciousness that there is more in poetry than meets the eye—that it requires and repays careful study. Of still greater importance is the fact that these hindrances enforce delay, compel the mind to dwell upon the poem and consider it from different points of view ; thus the pupil is exposed directly to the poet's influence, and that familiarity with, and close attention to art is attained which is the main instrument of artistic cultivation. Unconsciously and indirectly there will steal in upon the learner a sense of power and beauty which the coarse methods of analysis and exposition could never instil. Without the presence of such hindrances it is often hard to maintain attention and to produce the proper frame of mind for the admission of the poet's charm to heart and spirit.

We may perhaps classify the difficulties that present themselves to the student of poetry under three categories. First, difficulties in detail—in application and interpretation ; such, for example, as are presented very manifestly in the present collection by Tennyson's "Love thou thy land." Such difficulties are mainly intellectual, and may often be solved without any true appreciation of poetry. They are the points that are most easily, and perhaps most frequently, handled in the class, and afford one of the chief fields to which written examinations are almost necessarily confined. The presence of these in moderate degree and number are, for the reasons indicated in the preceding paragraph, a positive advantage in class instruction.

In the second place, there are difficulties arising from peculiarities of the theme—from the experience, or conception, or point of view embodied in the poem. So Shelley's lyrics are, generally speaking, more difficult than those of Burns ; for Burns deals with the joys and sorrows of our common humanity, but Shelley with moods and feelings experienced by a smaller circle, or subtle in character, or with the products of an abnormal introspection.

In the third place, in many poems the main element of beauty lies in the technique, and its fineness and delicacy may be beyond the perceptions of a beginner. There are salient and broad excellencies in treatment, style, or metre which may be felt by the merest tyro of literature ; on the other hand, there may be a

sublety and finish in these which can be appreciated by the most developed taste only. The swing of the metre of *Lochinvar* will appeal to any ear which may be deaf to the grace of Collins' *Ode to Evening;* and a higher stage of literary culture is requisite in order to enjoy the excellence of Tennyson's workmanship than is demanded for the appreciation of Longfellow.

To make an estimate of the extent to which these various forms of difficulty exist in any one poem, and to give due weight to the hindrances thereby placed in the path of the student is no easy matter. Yet regard must be had to such considerations if the beginner is not to be repelled and discouraged in what ought to be the pleasant work of effecting an entrance into the wide domain of poetry. But difficulty is not the only factor to be regarded in the selection of a poem ; the claims of interest and variety must also be considered : such mingling of the concrete and the abstract, of the narrative and the meditative, of the picturesque and the emotional as may afford change of theme and of mental discipline. A choice and arrangement, based upon considerations so varied and often so conflicting, will inevitably, at times, seem arbitrary. In a rough fashion, however, an attempt has been made to adapt the three *Books* into which the following selections are divided, to three successive, though but slightly differentiated, stages of the student's progress in general maturity, taste, and insight ; and, further, to arrange the selections within each *Book* in such a way as to suit a gradually increasing aptitude for poetry, as well as to provide variety and contrast in theme and in poetic qualities. The teacher is, however, free to reconstruct the arrangement as he pleases ; should he desire the study of the works of one writer together, he will be able to do so by means of the index of authors appended.

It seems to the editor a matter of the first importance for the successful teaching of literature that the instructor should himself have a clear conception of the purpose of literature and of the means by which this purpose is attained. There is often a vagueness and misdirection of energy in class-work, because the teacher, while himself, it may be, a lover and competent judge of books, has never clearly apprehended what literature has actually done for himself, and how its results have been attained. In the introduc-

tions to various volumes of poetical selections, which the writer published in recent years (*The Study of Literature*, 1898, *Thought and Form of Poetry*, 1897, *Metre in Relation to Thought*, 1899), he has addressed himself to this task, and in the *Introduction* to the present volume he attempts the consideration of another and somewhat more abstract phase of the same problem. The *Introduction*, therefore, is not designed directly for the use of the pupils, for whom the selections themselves are intended.

University College, Toronto,
August 1st, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE NATURE AND OFFICE OF POETRY.

I.

Imaginative Life.—Actual life consists of a series of experiences—sensations, emotions, and actions; these we have not merely the power of remembering, but of reproducing mentally; we may revive the experience—feel, in a less vivid and intense way, the sensations and emotions, the pleasures and pains of the actual incident. We may, for example, either simply remember that some one praised us, or we may recall the fact with the glow of satisfaction which attended it. Without external stimulus to the organs of sensation we may see colours and forms, hear voices, feel soft or harsh surfaces; or, what is more important still, we may renew the pain or delight, the tenderness, the enthusiasm, the anger, and so forth, that belonged to an actual occurrence. We do this in virtue of our power of imagination. But this is imagination in its lowest and least original manifestation; we may in like manner mentally pass through experiences of which we have merely heard, whether they have befallen others or are purely fictitious, provided these are in some measure similar to the events of our own lives—contain, though perhaps in new combinations, the elements of our own experience. Such states of mind are very different from that of merely comprehending an assertion or being cognizant of a fact. It is one thing to know that we were angry on such an occasion, another to feel again the wave of indignation pass through us; one thing to know as the young usually know it, that life is short and precarious, another to *realize* that truth as we realize it in later years; one thing to learn that so many men have fallen in battle, another to realize the significance of this fact in some measure as one would if actually present. The former is an intellectual and comparatively simple state of mind, the latter is an emotional and extremely complex condition. In addition, then, to our actual life, inevitably limited in its range by our condition and surroundings, we have an imaginative life consisting of experiences less vivid, intense and definite, but vastly wider in their possible range, and more completely under the control of the will. And while it is of the first importance that our real life should be the best and broadest attainable, it is also a matter of no little moment for

our happiness and elevation of character that our imaginative life should be broad and varied, occupied, as far as may be, with what is elevating and of permanent worth, and not with what is trivial or mean or debasing.

The Function of Art.—Now it is the function of great art to stimulate a more varied and better imaginative activity than we could unaided attain. Art broadens, elevates, intensifies, makes more pleasurable the imaginative life. By the highest and most original of all the functions of the imagination the great artist conceives those concrete experiences which will give a high degree of pleasurable imaginative activity, and embodies these creations in language, or colour, or form, so that others can, by a much less difficult effort of imagination, reproduce these experiences within themselves ; or else he sees, in virtue of his greater penetration, a significance in some aspect of life, or of nature, or of truth, and brings it home to the feelings of others.*

As has just been indicated there are two stages in the artist's work which, although not always, or perhaps usually, sundered in practice, may be theoretically distinguished ; first, he conceives the material for imaginative life—the events, persons, feelings, ideas of his work ; secondly (what is specially the artistic function), he puts these into suitable form for transmission to others. It is especially through the latter—through his *form*—that he stimulates the imagination to activity—that he not merely conveys his facts to the intellect so that we know them, but makes us live through and feel the experiences depicted. Hence imaginative literature may present to the student difficulties of two kinds : difficulties in understanding the material, because it is too unlike or remote from the familiar experiences of his own life ; and difficulties in appreciating the form, because of the unfamiliarity of the language, the condensation of the expression, the ordering of the thoughts, and so forth. Most boys can read with pleasure such a story as *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, because Tom's adventures and his ways of thinking are material analogous to that of their own lives, and the language in which these are embodied, the dialogue,

* The scientific man or philosopher may also create new conceptions, but these are abstract conceptions, generalizations ; he may see new significance in things, but he brings this significance home to the *intellect* ; he explains or proves his conceptions. Newton and Darwin were occupied with the attempt to *prove* their theories ; their theories have a profound emotional outcome, but they did not attempt to show this or make us feel it. In Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, on the other hand, the emotional import of certain scientific theories is indicated and conveyed ; see for example cxxiii and cxviii quoted on pages 59 and 118 below, or lv, lvi.

and so on, is similar to that to which they are accustomed. But they may find Shakespeare's *Hamlet* very dry, both because it deals with feelings and ideas outside of their range, and because they are unaccustomed to the form of the drama : to interpreting the language of poetry, to filling in the skeleton of dialogue with action, to piecing the scattered indications of character into images of the personages of the play, and to bridging over the gaps in the development which the necessarily very limited number of scenes must leave. Of these two classes of difficulties, the first inevitably renders a great deal of the best literature quite unsuitable for the young, and is to be removed only by time and maturity ; the second, on the other hand, is not thus gradually eliminated in the natural course of development, but is to be overcome by familiarity with literature itself, especially by study, under judicious guidance, of such works as are naturally comprehensible and interesting to the student.

The Form of Poetry.—The form of poetry, if not its most fundamental characteristic, is certainly the one which most manifestly differentiates it from prose. The divergence of poetry and prose has been a slow and gradual growth, each developing itself in accordance with its own needs. The fact that this growth has independently followed parallel lines among various races shows that the peculiarities of the poetic form are not conventional or purposeless ; they are the survivals of a long series of efforts towards the attainment of an end. Their justification lies in the fact that they are efficient instruments for the purpose of poetry—the quickening and re-enforcing of the imaginative life. Now, thought-proper naturally clothes itself in language ; in fact, no complicated or prolonged thinking can be carried on without words ; but sensations and feelings do not thus lend themselves to expression in language. What a man thinks clearly, he can say ; but he may have sensations and feelings, very strong and definite, which he cannot express. Even should he make clear what these are, he does not succeed in transmitting them—in kindling the imagination of others. It is not so much what the sufferer says, it is his tone, his expression, that arouses the listener's sympathy ; so in literature it is not so much through direct assertions that emotion is carried, but indirectly through the manner and the associations : through the picturing of scenes and objects, through the rhythm, through the imagery, through the mention of things or ideas associated with the required feeling ; as through reference to the violet and the star Wordsworth suggests the impression made upon him by the heroine of the little poem quoted on p. 137

below. Prose-proper seeks to convey to the intellect a truth or fact; poetry, not chiefly these, but the sensations, emotions associated by the writer with them. As far as expression goes, then, the poet has a more difficult task than the writer of mere prose; nor must the reader expect so easily to master the secret of poetry, to catch the spirit and significance of a poem, as of a paragraph in the newspaper, or of the latest novel.

Prose and poetry, though in their most typical manifestations differing both in aim and form, are, like other related species in nature, at times less sharply differentiated. There is prose which in aim, or even in form, approximates to poetry. When the orator grows impassioned, when he specially wishes to kindle the emotions of his hearers, his sentences become more rhythmical, his language becomes more figurative than in the purely logical argument; his aim and hence his style have become more poetic. Again, the novel which affords stimulus and food to the imagination is in aim, though not in style, closely akin to poetry. How, then, does a novel differ from a poem, and why does it not employ metre? It is because in a novel the notions involved are not so elevated, or because they are not uniformly sustained at such a pitch of intensity as in poetry. The themes of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and of the *Lady of the Lake* were closely connected with the sources of Scott's strongest feelings, with the historic past of his own country, and he selects the incidents and characters so that a fairly high emotional level may be maintained throughout the poems. The subjects of *Guy Mannering* and *Waverley*, though closely akin to those of the poems mentioned, belong to a more recent date, and hence are, to Scott, less poetically beautiful; he does not pitch them in the high poetic key, but gives them the form of prose romance. Hence he may be less select than in the poems, and devote large parts to prosaic, commonplace, or humorous incidents, which, interesting as they are, do not touch the emotional nature so profoundly.* The extreme elaboration of verse forces attention on every detail, and seems justified only when these details have some beauty, some charm, some emotional significance.† The novel gives pleasure as a whole, and may also be in parts suffi-

*Shakespeare's use of prose and poetry in his dramas affords an extremely interesting exemplification of the fundamental differences between the two species.

†"A poem is a species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species, having this object in common with it, it is discriminated, by proposing such delight from the whole as is compatible with *distinct gratification from each component part.*" —*Coleridge.*

ciently emotional for poetic expression; but large portions are analytic, explanatory, etc., and these are not read at all for their own sake. To these latter portions, at least, the poetic form is quite unsuitable. The peculiar excellence of poetry is its intensity and vividness. Actual life is more satisfactory, more truly life, not merely in proportion to the number and variety of the experiences it contains, but also in proportion to their intensity; *keen* sensation, *strong* feeling, *vigorous* action are desirable. In like manner the imaginative life should not merely be broad and varied, but intense. The extraordinary power of poetry in begetting imaginative intensity is not, perhaps, wholly explicable, but it may in part be accounted for. Poetry is more rhythmical than prose, and rhythm has an affinity for emotion; poetry is more condensed, and brevity gives force; poetry is more concrete, and the concrete is more easily and vividly conceived than the abstract; the order and nexus of ideas, and the selection of a vocabulary in poetry, are largely due to emotional considerations, whereas in prose they are determined by the demands of logic and clearness. The magnitude of the effect of poetry is due to an extremely skilful combination of these and a great multitude of other small and subtle forces, all tending in the emotional direction given by the main thought itself.

The Representation of the Painful in Art.—It is doubtless the importance of intensity in the imaginative life which lies at the basis of the fact that tragedy is admittedly the highest form of literary art. As art is intended to give pleasure, we might expect to find in it the painful elements of actual life wholly eliminated. Yet the theme of tragedy is some tremendous catastrophe, some poignant suffering, or some evil and terrible deed which would in the actual world move the profoundest terror or commiseration. Now we know that we turn away from a poem or a picture which leaves upon the mind a disagreeable impression, and that such a poem or picture is condemned as artistically defective; that, on the contrary, the total impression produced by the proper presentation of *Lear* or *Romeo and Juliet*, far from being painful or depressing, is eminently tonic and inspiring. Hence it is evident that in successful art, however painful the subject, an overbalance of pleasurable impressions is produced. By what process this result is attained, how incidents and ideas which in real life are regarded with horror should, when transferred to the imaginative world, become the basis of the keenest enjoyment, are questions which, while perhaps not admitting of a complete solution, may at least be partially answered.

Very manifestly the consciousness that this pain and evil is after all a

fiction, is the chief reason that we can contemplate them without the repulsion which would be roused by similar events in real life. Yet while this consideration does alleviate, it does not wholly exclude the sense of uneasiness. The representation *may* suggest a painful reality in such a way as to cause disagreeable sensations ; this is often illustrated by scenes both on the stage and in novels, by descriptions of what is physically repulsive, and by a great deal of the pessimistic literature, both prose and fiction, of recent years. We are told that the Athenians fined the dramatist Phrynicus because, by representing on the stage a recent catastrophe to their arms, he brought their misfortunes too vividly before them. And it is a notable fact that in the great tragedies of Shakespeare, of the Greeks, and in the French classic drama, the story represented is one remote in time or place ; whereas comedy has usually reflected with realistic exactness the actual life of the audience. It is likely, therefore, that a certain amount of pain or uneasiness does arise from the representation of pathetic and tragic subjects, but that this is compensated for, and overwhelmed by attendant advantages.

What are the compensations which in a work of art may outweigh the pangs of imaginative suffering? In the first place, the sense of reality, of resemblance to actual life, needful to awaken interest, demands the representation of some measure of evil. Perfect personages and those who are not exposed to the struggle with physical or moral evil—like Adam and Eve in the garden—are insipid ; their character and condition are too unlike our own to excite sympathy. What is most forcible and admirable in human nature can only be brought out by suffering ; and it is often for this purpose that the artist introduces the darker side of life. This side, however, he is prone to keep in the background, so that we are but dimly conscious of it, while he magnifies and emphasizes the virtues which evil may bring into action. It is the heroism, the romance, and adventure which are the outcome of the evil state of the Borders that Scott emphasizes in his *Lay* ; the ugliness, misery, and cruelty are kept in the background. Yet this method of treatment is by no means always followed ; not in the highest art, not certainly in *Lear* or *Othello*. We must further, then, remember that contrast is a necessary element in human perceptions ; to enjoy repose or food, we must have felt weariness or hunger ; the most profound satisfaction in life arises out of such contrasts—out of the escape from, or victory over, evil. In art there is need of similar contrasts. Again, although there may be pain in the experience, yet actual life is never so keen, so intense, so really life as in the presence of peril, physical or

moral. So the factor of danger adds zest even to our amusements, as is illustrated in the fascinations of gambling, in the shooting of rapids, in the hunting of dangerous animals. In short, intensity in life is so desirable as to outbalance much of the pain caused by evil and danger. It is better to be stirred and roused even painfully than to pass life in a vegetative calm.* If this is the case in real life, it may well happen that in art, where the evil is imaginary or only suggested, and where, just because we are concerned with fiction, keen emotion is the more difficult of attainment, the painful associations with evil, may be overwhelmed in the pleasure of *intense* imaginative life. Finally, in the works of the greatest poets, there is a perception of a higher and reconciling principle—perhaps merely instinctive, or the result of faith or temperament—which, like the companionship of a vigorous and cheerful personality in real life, elevates the reader into a higher and more bracing atmosphere, makes him feel, if not see, that all things work together for good.† In connection with this last point we may note the fact that the artistic form, the rhythm of the metre, the regularity of the rhyme, the beauty and fitness of the expression are a perpetual reminder of the dominance of the calm, creative spirit over the emotional—a proof that the poet has risen above the storm and stress of passion and anguish,‡ and like some divinity has shaped even these to his own purposes. All this is apart from another constant source of pleasure, and a far more potent one than perhaps we should at first be inclined to admit—the pleasure that arises from the perception of technical excellence: the sense of successful imitation, of apt expression, of graceful and easy obedience to metrical laws, of sensuous charm of rhythm and sound, of beautiful imagery, and whatever else of skill and beauty there may be in the details of poetry.

Idealization.—Art is imitative because our interest and feeling can be stirred only by personages in some measure like ourselves, and by things similar to those which actually affect us. While skilful imitation gives a measure of satisfaction as an evidence of human power, and also, it may be, by awakening pleasurable feelings and ideas connected with the original; yet these are minor considerations in art. Art does not attempt to make an exact copy, even in the case of a

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* See the two closing stanzas of *In Memoriam*, xxvii, p 124, below.

† Cf., for example, Wordsworth's *Elegiac Stanzas* (p. 111, below), or his *Immortality Ode*.

‡ Cf. Wordsworth's definition: "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings taking its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity."

painting or of the dialogue in a novel. Its aim is to give the highest and most permanent pleasure compatible with the subject; and it is with no such purpose, apparently, that the course of things in the actual world is arranged. Hence the need of selection, modification, and intensification in art. In real life the best conversation will contain many remarks that are not interesting in themselves, that do not lead up to anything, that do not clearly bring out the character of the speaker. These diminish the pleasure given by the conversation, and must be omitted in a drama or a novel, where the maximum of pleasure is to be given. Every word must tell. In real life we may perceive that a laughable incident which has befallen us, would have been more ridiculous had this or that circumstance or person been slightly different; if, in telling the story to amuse our friends, we alter the facts accordingly, we are, in so far, artists. Now, one thing that makes the great artist is that he has this special power of seeing in incidents or objects or persons something more perfect, more effective and pleasing for the imagination than the actual thing presents. Nature, whether human or material, is full of suggestiveness; or, to put it more accurately, the mind of man is prone to put into nature more than is actually there. We have all, at times, felt a something in the spectacle of the starry heavens, or of the opening spring, or of a human face, which we know not how to put into words. The great artist sees more of these suggestions, and they are more definite or profounder than those of ordinary men; the desire and ability to express these is the artistic impulse and power. He has an *idea*, and it is to convey this idea, not to reproduce the object in its entirety, that he represents nature; in short, he *idealizes*. This does not necessarily imply that he makes his imaginary world *better* than the actual, but that he makes it more harmonious. If the artist, however, carries his idealization too far, treats nature too arbitrarily, he makes his ideal world too unlike our own to retain our sympathies; if, on the other hand, he follows too closely the actual, he introduces much that is incongruous and uninteresting, and thus again destroys our interest and our power of catching his point of view. How far he should go in one direction or the other, criticism cannot *à priori* decide. Many Englishmen find the French classical tragedy dull because they feel that it is unlike actual life, too conventional; and many Frenchmen find Shakespeare's drama repellant because it seems full of incongruities and chaos. No law can be laid down for the artist in this matter; he must find a happy mean, just as the poet must find a happy mean between the monotony produced by excessive obedience to the regularities imposed by the

structure of blank verse, and an irregularity which would approximate too closely to prose. The requirements of realism vary with our knowledge; Shakespeare violated the truth of history without offending his audience, because they knew so little about such matters. Since then, historic knowledge and the historic sense have much developed, and similar liberties with history in a modern dramatist would be very inimical to the pleasure that the play should give. Huxley has told us that the pictures of angels with wings always produced a disagreeable effect upon him; for, familiar as he was with anatomy, he could not but feel that there were no muscles to support these appendages; they must be hanging in some loose and disagreeable fashion to the skin. Should such familiarity with anatomy become diffused, painters would no longer be able to represent angels thus. But the need of realism does not destroy art, it only renders the artist's task more difficult. It would be a higher sort of art which could dispense with this crude way of indicating the angelic nature by wings, and could make the observer perceive by some subtle effect in the countenance that this is a creature from some higher and purer sphere than the human.

In the case of poetry, it is of course specially manifest that the artist is not attempting an accurate copy, for the style precludes exact imitation; people do not talk in metre. The differences between the poetic language of the dramas of Shakespeare, for example, and the dialogue of real life are analogous to the differences between the actual life and Shakespeare's representation of it. His matter, as his style, is more select, condensed, pregnant and harmonious than what we find in the corresponding scenes of actual life. We feel that the oration of Antony is very true to nature, *does* represent the way in which the demagogic orator handles the mob; but it is certainly very unlike any actual oration that any demagogue ever uttered. It abbreviates, it concentrates the points; it emphasizes them; and it lends, of course, the beauty of poetical rhythm and style to the whole. Yet while not accurate to facts in detail, it does bring home to our imagination much more vividly, and with much less trouble than any actual oration could, the essential facts as regards the relation of the crafty orator and the mob. In a similar fashion Shakespeare intensifies and concentrates the essence of youthful love in the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*. With the central motive of youthful passion every detail is brought into harmony. Romeo and Juliet themselves by temperament, by beauty, by youth, by circumstances, are exactly fitted to embody the force of love; the garden, the moonlight, the midsummer season, the Italian background, the verse, the language, all re-

enforce the main current of emotion; so that we feel the beauty and nobility of love as we could scarcely, if ever, feel it in actual life, where incongruities would inevitably find place. The picture transcends the actual, but does not misrepresent it; the glamour which for the true lover, under the influence of his passion, is cast over everything, is in the drama made apparent and effective for the spectators by the selection and intensification of the poet's art; our sympathy, our understanding of the situation is rendered complete. We see love in its true and typical outlines, as it exists in the lovers' souls; but as through the presence of incongruities in the thing itself, or through defects in the onlooker, it cannot be perceived in actual life.

Artistic Unity.—One main aim of the poet's idealization is unity—the harmonizing of all influences and details so that, however varied and divergent the charms and beauties of the work, they yet combine to produce some one total effect. While listening to an interesting conversation I may hear exquisite music; I attempt to give attention to both, with the inevitable result of failing to find complete satisfaction in either. There is a conflict of pleasures; the total, instead of being increased, is probably less than one source alone would have yielded. There is lack of unity. But suppose that while this music is falling on my ear I am gazing on a beautiful moon-lit lake; I enjoy the music more because of the beauty of the scene, and the scene more because of the frame of mind produced by the music. The two pleasures blend with and intensify one another; while different they produce a common delight; in short, there is unity. In general, the actual experiences of life are extremely involved and chaotic; all sorts of things are tangled together; results are hidden, or remote from their causes; one connected series is constantly interrupted by another and left unfinished; an emotional wave in one direction meets some incongruous or opposed stimulus, and is checked or weakened. But to produce a maximum of pleasure such waste and discord must be eliminated: there must be a common resultant. Further, to maintain prolonged attention and interest, there must be change with continuity, *i.e.*, development—a beginning, middle and end. Unity and continuity are, therefore, prime requisites in art. These are easily attained in a short and simple theme, in a lyric like "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," or "Tears, idle tears." But the effect in such cases is also simple and limited. The grand stimulus to the emotional life is given when a complex of feelings can be played upon, when the whole emotional nature can be brought into action, when opposite states of mind may be used to enhance or relieve

one another. So in the greatest works of art—in the tragedies of Shakespeare, for example—we have something of the infinite complexity of actual life ; mirth and mourning, horror and charm, humour and pathos ; yet not, as is wont to be the case in the real world, incongruous, discordant, mutually destructive, but like the instruments of an orchestra uniting in some grand, comprehensive, emotional result. The imagination finds a many-sided solace in the multitudinous activities that are stimulated, and, in all this variety, a concord and unity which culminate in an elevating and tonic sense of the beauty and worth of existence.

II.

The Representation of Human Life.—Let us consider a little more closely the substance and material of this world of imagination into which poetry introduces us. In the actual world that which, apart from their own personal concerns, interests men most universally (as even the widespread taste for gossip shows) is the doings of their fellows—the spectacle of human existence as presented to the outward senses. And the doings of men are most interesting either when they are wonderful and adventurous—full of perils and swift changes of fortune—or when they are concerned with something that touches the heart powerfully or pleasurably. It is, accordingly, in the concrete, picturesque life of men that poets find the most natural and universally interesting themes of their art, as is so strikingly exemplified in one of the earliest and most popular species of poetry, the ballad. As themes of this sort pleased an early and unsophisticated generation, so such poetry still most readily attracts the immature mind. Especially will the young, since their deeper feelings and meditative aptitudes are not yet developed by experience, delight in the changeful and romantic life of action as presented, for example, in the longer, and in many of the shorter poems, of Scott.

Nature in Poetry.—The poet may not merely represent man, but man's dwelling-place. This, however, is a theme of less universal and less intense interest; material nature can never stir our sympathies as the life of creatures like ourselves; the love for nature is of later growth, and is in some degree a cultivated and acquired taste to which many have not attained. In truth, it is often the case that it is the poet who awakens in his readers a perception of natural beauty ; still oftener, draws their attention to aspects of nature that they never would have observed for themselves. The poet, therefore, here (and the same thing is true in

the sphere of human life) not merely widens the imaginative life, but extends and intensifies the enjoyment of the actual world.

Now, certain aspects of nature are common to different countries; a sunset in one part of the world is very like a sunset in another, and the general characteristics of lake or mountain scenery may be much the same in many lands. But in some aspects, particularly in the more detailed and minute features of the landscape, nature varies. As most of the poetry which we read, is written in Britain, our enjoyment of its presentation of nature is lessened, unfamiliar as we are, or acquainted at second-hand only, with many of the details that go to make the poet's picture. The daisy, so often alluded to in poetry, is usually seen by us, if seen at all, under quite abnormal circumstances—cultivated in gardens, not scattered in profuse abundance over the meadows. Even if we know this flower in its native habitat, it can have for us none of the wealth of association it possesses for the Englishman. On the other side, the scenery of our own country loses in impressiveness and charm, because it is little associated with literary allusion, because a great series of poets have not taught us its characteristic beauty and power; this may be one cause of the absurd depreciation of Canadian as compared with English birds. But Canada is not wholly without a literature. In the present volume are included several selections from the Canadian poet, Lampman, who not only possessed poetic feeling and power of expression, but was specially gifted with delight in nature and insight into those beauties that belong specially to our own landscape, and are not merely echoes from the mother-land. In the lines entitled *Heat* (p. 12), for example, he has seized a phase of nature which is characteristically our own—certainly not English—a phase which would not strike the ordinary observer as poetical or beautiful, and he has made the reader feel the unique characteristics and charm of that familiar scene. These poems of Lampman are sufficiently excellent to give delight in themselves, and will quicken the reader's perception and enjoyment of commonplace Canadian nature.

The Poetry of Thought and Sentiment.—In the third place, the poet engages our imagination not merely in the contemplation of the spectacle of human life or of nature as presented to our external senses, but communicates to us internal states of mind—feelings, and thoughts that associate themselves with feeling. Thus good poetry broadens our range of sentiments and ideas, quickens our interest and enthusiasm in regard to conceptions which ought to stimulate and interest, or gives adequate outlet and expression to what we have already vaguely or

superficially conceived or felt. It breaks in upon the narrowness and monotony of individual life, and awakens us to sympathy with the thoughts and aspirations of our fellow-men. So in Milton's *Sonnets* (pp. 35, 55) we are kindled into sympathy with the lofty mood of a great and puissant spirit; in Wordsworth's "It is not to be thought of" (p. 8) we find expression for our pride in the past, our hope for the future of our country; in his *Ode to Duty* (p. 171) our admiration and enthusiasm are awakened for a great ethical principle; in his "Hail, Twilight, sovereign of our peaceful hour," an impressive and suggestive thought, and in Tennyson's "Contemplate all this work of Time" (p. 118), the ethical outcome and emotional side of a scientific theory are brought vividly home; in "O yet we trust that somehow good" (p. 169) we find utterance for the blind yearnings of the universal human heart.

Non-emotional Themes in Poetry.—The poetic form, slowly and tentatively elaborated under pressure of the need of giving utterance to feeling, has culminated in a peculiar style, in itself a source of great pleasure, characterized by rhythmic charm, power of condensation, of emphasis, and of vividness, a marvellous instrument for the effective expression of thought—in itself lending the charm of beauty to whatever it clothes. Hence, and finally, poetry is employed for the expression of ideas not in themselves emotional or imaginative. We see this especially in the poetry of the earlier half of the eighteenth century; but in every age and almost in every poet, there are examples of such use of the poetic form. In Longfellow's *Builders* (p. 38) we have in illustration of an attempt to elevate a rather commonplace though wholesome exhortation into the emotional and imaginative sphere, not by conceiving it imaginatively, but by associating it with metre and rhyme and by the persistent employment of metaphors. In the first selection of the volume, in some parts of the extract from the *Essay on Man* (p. 146), and in the extracts from Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, we find examples of the legitimate and successful extension of the poetic form.*

*Among the more stimulating or useful discussions of the theory of poetry may be mentioned Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, the chapters in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* which deal with this *Preface*, Ruskin's treatment of Imagination in *Modern Painters*, Marshall's *Aesthetic Principles*, and Winchester's *Principles of Literary Criticism*.

A SCHOOL ANTHOLOGY

OF

ENGLISH POETRY

BOOK FIRST

1.—"IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:—
The stars preëminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

—*Wordsworth.*

2.—ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

'"Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.'

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—*Scott.*

3.—COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell;
The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour
When little could be gained from that rich dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power
Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower

Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

—*Wordsworth.*

4.—TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere!
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
But Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

—*Wordsworth.*

5.—SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine!"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

—*Old Ballad.*

6.—"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD."

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old;

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—*Wordsworth.*

7.—BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe:

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

—*Cowper.*

8.—PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

—*Scott.*

9.—HEAT.

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon,
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin, revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessèd power
Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear. —*Lampman.*

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10.—TO NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—*J. Blanco White.*

11.—LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Scott.*

12.—FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

(From *The Lady of the Lake.*)

The chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore, her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,

And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.

To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun and stream and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock or castle-roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea.
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—*Scott.*

13.—OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, (stamp'd on these lifeless things,)
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—*Shelley.*

14.—THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
  Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
  My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
  In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
  And this is thy dominion.

While birds and butterflies and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
  Art sole in thy employment;
A Life, a Presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
  Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies
  Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
  That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
  Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign
  While fluttering in the bushes.

—*Wordsworth.*

15.—TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delighted visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the woods
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest to other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

—*John Logan.*

16.—THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
  Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them pass'd
    The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
  In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
    From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
  That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood
    Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
  The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
    As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
  Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
    Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
  Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one—he was, thank God,
    No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
  That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
    To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men.

——What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

—*F. H. Doyle.*

17.—IN NOVEMBER.

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
To the thick-driving snow. A little while
And night shall darken down. In shouting file
The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-wheeled,
Past the thin fading stubbles, half concealed,
Now golden-gray, sowed softly through with snow,
Where the last ploughman follows still his row,
Turning black furrows through the whitening field.
Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,
Fast drives the snow, and no man comes this way;
The hills grow wintry white, and bleak winds moan

About the naked uplands. I alone
Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor gray,
Wrapped round with thought, content to watch and dream.
—*Lampman.*

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18.—"WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL."

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
—*Shakespeare.*

19.—EDINBURGH.

(From *Marmion.*)

When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And, as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

—*Scott.*

20.—"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID."

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew
My Love
No more of me you knew.

The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore
My Love
And adieu for evermore."

—*Scott.*

21.—THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott,

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

—*Tennyson.*

22.—TO SLEEP.

(Speech of the King in Henry IV, Pt. II.)

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night
With all appliances and means to boot.
Deny it to a king?

—*Shakespeare.*

23.—TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

24.—ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

—*Milton.*

25.—THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

—*Longfellow.*

26.—THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;

The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
Lo, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

—*F. H. Doyle.*

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27.—THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Longfellow.*

28.—THE COUNTRY PARSON.

(From *The Deserted Village.*)

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began;
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest:
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—*Goldsmith.*

29.—WINTER-BREAK.

All day between high-curded clouds the sun
Shone down like summer on the steaming planks.
The long bright icicles in dwindling ranks
Dripped from the murmuring eaves, till one by one
They fell As if the spring had now begun,

The quilted snow, sun-softened to the core,
Loosened and shunted with a sudden roar
From downward roofs. Not even with day done
Had ceased the sound of waters, but all night
I heard it. In my dreams forgetfully bright
Methought I wandered in the April woods,
Where many a silver-piping sparrow was,
By gurgling brooks and sprouting solitudes,
And stooped, and laughed, and plucked hepaticas.

—*Lampman.*

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30.—JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

—*Scott.*

31.—MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

(From *Marmion.*)

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

—*Scott.*

32.—THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,—
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white-fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each pav'd with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,

Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

—*Shelley.*

33.—TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird.
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place
That is fit home for Thee!

—*Wordsworth.*

34.—"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Tennyson.*

35.—WE TOO SHALL SLEEP.

Not, not for thee,
Belovèd child, the burning grasp of life
Shall bruise the tender soul. The noise, and strife,
And clamour of midday thou shalt not see;
But wrapped forever in thy quiet grave,
Too little to have known the earthly lot,
Time's clashing hosts above thine innocent head,
Wave upon wave,
Shall break, or pass as with an army's tread,
And harm thee not.

A few short years
We of the living flesh and restless brain
Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears;
And then at last when all is touched and tried,
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep

In the same silent plot, O little friend,
Side by thy side,
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,
We too shall sleep.

—*Lampman.*

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36.—BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

(From *The Lady of the Lake.*)

The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,

Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levell'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."—

Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
—"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake.—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"—
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,

As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

—*Scott.*

37.—TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War; new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

—*Milton.*

38.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly, thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—*Milton.*

39.—TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

—*Wordsworth.*

40.—IN MEMORIAM.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

41.—TO [LADY FITZGERALD] IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

—*Wordsworth.*

42.—"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR!"

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night:
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest

On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

—*Wordsworth.*

43.—IN MEMORIAM.

CXXIII.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK SECOND.

1.—PERSONAL TALK.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

CONTINUED.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

—*Wordsworth.*

2.—ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—*Keats.*

3.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
  He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

—*Byron.*

4.—A JANUARY MORNING.

The glittering roofs are still with frost; each worn
Black chimney builds into the quiet sky
Its curling pile to crumble silently.
Far out to westward on the edge of morn,
The slender misty city towers up-borne

Glimmer faint rose against the pallid blue;
And yonder on those northern hills, the hue
Of amethyst, hang fleeces dull as horn.
And here behind me come the woodmen's sleighs
With shouts and clamorous squeakings; might and main—
Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheeks ablaze,
Iced beards and frozen eyelids—team by team,
With frost-fringed flanks, and nostrils jetting steam.

—*Lampman.*

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5.—INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought,
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made

A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon, and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six; I wheeled about
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare,
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the reflex of a star;

Image that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

—*Wordsworth.*

6.—"O BRIGNALL BANKS."

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou would'st wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen."

—*Scott.*

7.—CONCLUSION OF "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—
Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice;
Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

For love which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

8.—IN MEMORIAM.

XXXI.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded,—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

—*Tennyson.*

9.—"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

—*Tennyson.*

10.—SONNET XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odours and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
For did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you: you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play,

—*Shakespeare.*

11.—THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

(From *Childe Harold.*)

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar:
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

—*Byron.*

12.—CHARLES XII.

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*)

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost:
He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. —*Samuel Johnson.*

13.—WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

—*Wordsworth.*

14.—LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*Wordsworth.*

15.—ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*Keats.*

16.—NUTTING.

——It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out),
One of those heavenly days which cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame;
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns and brakes and brambles, and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! O'er the pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet; or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.

Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever: and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough with crash
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being. And, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.
Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

—*Wordsworth.*

17.—FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide.
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my love died for me.

—*Old Ballad.*

18.—THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

—*Wordsworth.*

19.—IN MEMORIAM.

CI.

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
  Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
  And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
  The brook shall babble down the plain,
  At noon, or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
  And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
  Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
  A fresh association blow,
  And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills
  His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
  And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

—*Tennyson.*

20.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—*Gray.*

21.—ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

22.—EVENING.

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky

Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods
Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.
Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine ear.
The homely cricket gossips at my feet.
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,
Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus. One by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

—*Lampman.*

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23.—"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS."

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—*Tennyson.*

24.—COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influences know—
But where is County Guy?

—*Scott.*

25.—"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

[16—.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

—*R. Browning.*

26.—"WHY ART THOU SILENT?"

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,

Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

—*Wordsworth.*

27.—THE FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightful king
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain!
My love, and native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
And adieu for evermore!

The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gone and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

—*Burns.*

28.—MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm

That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."
  So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
  Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
  And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
  To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

—*Tennyson.*

29.—WINTER UPLANDS.

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open fields for miles ahead;
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
So wonderful, so many and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home—
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost, and beauty everywhere. —*Lampman.*

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30.—TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves:
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
  Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
  Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid
  Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
  In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
  That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
  Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet would that thou, with me and mine,
  Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
  A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
  On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
  Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
  Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
  Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
  Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
  For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
  With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
  Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
  Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
  Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother; quench the thought
  That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
  From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
  Short leisure even in busiest days,
Moments to cast a look behind,
  And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
  Breaks frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
  To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

—*Wordsworth.*

31.—IN MEMORIAM

LXXXVI.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
  That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
  Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
  Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
  And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
  The full new life that feeds thy breath
  Throughout my frame, till doubt and death
Ill brethren let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
  On leagues of odor streaming far,
  To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

—*Tennyson.*

32.—WOLSEY.

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*)

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns;—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

33.—TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

—*Shelley.*

34.—"TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—*Tennyson.*

35.—ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day, and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood which season takes away or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile.
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
  Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,
  The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
  Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion, but the moving tide, a breeze,
  Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
  Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
  A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
  I have submitted to a new control;
A power is gone which nothing can restore;
  A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
  A smiling sea, and be what I have been.
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
  This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have been the friend,
  If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
  This sea in anger and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well,
  Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
  This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed, in a dream, at distance from the kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here,—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

—*Wordsworth.*

36.—"YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE.

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
    Opinion, and induce a time
    When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
    The name of Britain trebly great—
    Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
    Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
    And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

—*Tennyson.*

37.—"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS"

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
    The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
    She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
    Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
    Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
    To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
    The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
    From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
    And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears:

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

—*Tennyson.*

38.—"LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE FAR-BROUGHT."

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
  Cut Prejudice against the grain :
  But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place or touch
  Of pension, neither count on praise :
  It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch :

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
  Not master'd by some modern term ;
  Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
  With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
  Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
  And moist and dry, devising long,
  Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
  Our being, lest we rust in ease.
  We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
  To ingroove itself with that which flies,
  And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
  For all the past of Time reveals
  A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
  A motion toiling in the gloom—
  The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
  Completion in a painful school;
  Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
  But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
  And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
  Is bodied forth the second whole.
  Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
  And heap their ashes on the head;
  To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
  Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
  To follow flying steps of truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
  Must ever shock, like armed foes,
  And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
  To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
  But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
  Would serve his kind in deed and word,
  Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
  From either side, nor veil his eyes:
  And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
  As we bear blossom of the dead;
  Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

—*Tennyson.*

39.—IN MEMORIAM.

CXVIII.

Contemplate all this work of Time,
  The giant labouring in his youth:
  Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime:

But trust that those we call the dead
  Are breathers of an ampler day
  Forever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more:
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast:
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK THIRD.

1.—THE WISHING-GATE.

Hope rules a land forever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
  Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? the bliss draws near,
  And fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of wishes – there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
  And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
  How poor were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
  One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way—
  The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place
  Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell,
  Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care
And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content,
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved, who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
  The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
  Upon the Wishing-gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loathe such help to *seek*,
  Yet passing here might pause,
And yearn for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
  In quietness withdraws,

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
  Of midnight makes reply—
Time pressing on with starry crest
To filial sleep upon the breast
  Of dread Eternity!

—*Wordsworth.*

2.—ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—*Tennyson.*

3.—IN MEMORIAM.

XXVII.

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—*Tennyson.*

4.—THE RECOLLECTION.

Now the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead:
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,—
For now the earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;

It seem'd as if the hour were one
  Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scatter'd from above the sun
  A light of Paradise!

We paused amid the pines that stood
  The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
  As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath
  That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
  As tender as its own:
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
  Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
  The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was!—the silence there
  By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
  Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
  The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
  The calm that round us grew.
There seem'd from the remotest seat
  Of the white mountain waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet
  A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
  A thrilling silent life;
To momentary peace it bound
  Our mortal nature's strife;—

And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that fill'd with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green:
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest;

Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
—Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
Than calm in waters seen!

—*Shelley.*

5.—TO DELIA.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

—*Samuel Daniel.*

6.—ŒNONE.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand

The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.
Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noon-day quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a river-god;

Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone,

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a god's:
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

"'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of gods."

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.'
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place, and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit

Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a god's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? Am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,

Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them over-laid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,

In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound

Rings ever in her ears of armed men,
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

—*Tennyson.*

7.—"SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS."

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

—*Wordsworth.*

8.—ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptered race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

—*Landor.*

9.—IN MEMORIAM.

I.

I held it truth, with him who sings
  To one clear harp in divers tones,
  That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years,
  And find in loss a gain to match?
  Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
  Let darkness keep her raven gloss;
  Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
  The long result of love, and boast,
  "Behold the man that loved and lost
But all he was is overworn."

II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
  That name the underlying dead,
  Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
  And bring the firstling to the flock;
  And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

—*Tennyson.*

10.—THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy-flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:

For surely now our household hearths are cold;
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone

Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

—*Tennyson.*

11.—TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth.
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

—*Wordsworth.*

12.—TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

—*Milton.*

13.—SONNET, XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe.
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

—*Shakespeare.*

14.—FROM "THE ESSAY ON MAN."

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies:
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

. . . . . .

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, "Whatever is, is right." —*Pope.*

15.—SONG.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
  Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
  Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
  And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
  And such society
As is quiet, wise and good;
  Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
  And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
  Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

—*Shelley.*

16.—ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O dwellers in the valley-land,
  Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
  Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,
While ye sit idle, do ye think
  The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
  Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe field the day is cried,
And reapers with their sickles bright,
Troop singing down the mountain-side:
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
That o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain height
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruisëd reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

17.—INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only) this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
—Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more:—
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

—*Wordsworth.*

18.—"I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED, WITH CALM REGRET."

I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret,
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;

But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no more.
Angels and gods! We struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, from their height decline,
Depressed; and then extinguished; and our state
In this, how different, lost star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

—*Wordsworth.*

19.—AFTERTHOUGHT.

I thought of thee, my partner and my guide,
As being passed away.—Vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live and act and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

—*Wordsworth.*

20.—THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

—*Wordsworth.*

21.—IN MEMORIAM.

LXIV.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
  As some divinely gifted man,
  Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
  And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
  And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
  And lives to clutch the golden keys,
  To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
  Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
  The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
  When all his active powers are still,
  A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
  While yet beside its vocal springs
  He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
  And reaps the labour of his hands,
  Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"

—*Tennyson.*

22.—SONNET XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possesst,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—*Shakespeare.*

23.—ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with thy stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and elves
Who sleep in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name.

—*W. Collins.*

24.—ST. AGNES' EVE.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;

So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin,
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with His bride!

—*Tennyson.*

25.—IN MEMORIAM.

CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land: and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—*Tennyson.*

26.—INTRODUCTION TO "PARADISE LOST," BOOK III.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

—*Milton.*

27.—"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME LET US KISS AND PART."

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

—*M. Drayton.*

28.—A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat.
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
"The only way, since the gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

—*Elizabeth Barret Browning.*

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29.—ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystàlline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—*Shelley.*

30.—EXTREME UNCTION.

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
Than holy oil can cleanse away,—
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Has been a heart once, has been young;

On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! whose shadows block the door?
Who are those two that stand aloof?
See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked-for death-bed guests are met;
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows
Than I with every brother man:
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay His head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my bread:

Now, when I hear those steps sublime
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideway with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with His ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
A spark of the eternal God:
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—

I hear the reapers singing go
  Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
  Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
  O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
  Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
  The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
  The image of the God is gone.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

31.—IN MEMORIAM.

LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroy'd,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

—*Tennyson.*

32.—THE LOST LEADER.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat –
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,

One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

—*R. Browning.*

33.—ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee! I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

—*Wordsworth.*

34.—"O LYRIC LOVE, HALF-ANGEL AND HALF-BIRD."

(From *The Ring and the Book.*)

O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head

Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home.
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall.

—*R. Browning.*

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35.—IN MEMORIAM.

CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

—*Tennyson.*

36.—THE POET.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance grew,
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes.

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
Wisdom, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

—*Tennyson.*

37.—CALLICLES' SONG.

(From *Empedocles on Etna*).

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds.
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

NOTES.

The larger figures refer to the pages, the smaller to the lines.

BOOK FIRST.

ROSABELLE.

This ballad, from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is sung, at a festival, by a bard of the St. Clairs, a noble family who held the Earldom of Orkney, and had also a seat at Roslin, not far from Edinburgh.

2. 7. **Castle Ravensheuch.** Long the principal residence of the Barons of Roslin; it is between Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag washed by the Firth of Forth.

2. 10. **inch.** Celtic word for island. Often found in Scotch proper names.

2. 21. **the ring.** It was a favourite pastime in later feudal times for horsemen, while riding at full speed, to show their skill by carrying off on the point of the lance a ring suspended from a beam.

2. 25. **Roslin.** A beautiful chapel in the most florid style of Gothic architecture, with profuse carvings on the pillars and buttresses. The chapel was said to appear on fire previous to the death of a member of the St. Clair family.

2. 31, 32. **Dryden** and **Hawthornden** are two residences in the neighbourhood of Roslin. In a cliff beneath the latter are caves supposed to have been hollowed as places of refuge.

TO THE DAISY.

4. 8. **thorough** for "through." Historically these are but two forms of one word.

SIR PATRICK SPÉNS.

This is a genuine ancient ballad, as Scott's *Rosabelle* is a modern imitation. Ballads were the product of a time when reading was a rare accomplishment, and the literary tastes of the multitude were ministered to by persons who made it their business to sing or recite poems, which were not originally written down, but passed from mouth to mouth and from one generation to another. It was at a comparatively recent period that they began to be reduced to writing or to be printed. Hence a ballad underwent a continual process of alteration, according

to the powers of memory and skill in composition of the reciter (or *minstrel*, as he was called), and in accordance also with the taste of the hearers—for the minstrel would naturally expand or omit as he found passages pleased the audience—so that the ballad has the distinctive peculiarity of being a gradual growth, a composite product, and is not the work of a single author. Naturally, too, the style and treatment of a ballad was simple and direct, attaining, at its best, great condensation, vigour and pathos, and often naive and artless beauty; at its worst, degenerating into the commonplace or vulgar. Another result of the conditions of ballad composition is that the same ballad exists in various versions, according as it took shape in the minds of different transmitters, or in different districts. Most frequently the subject of a ballad is some actual occurrence which enlisted popular interest.

The version of *Sir Patrick Spens* found in the text is that given by Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It has been conjectured that the ballad is based on some historic incident connected with Margaret, grand-daughter and successor to Alexander III., king of Scotland (died 1285). She was the daughter of the king of Norway, and had to be brought over the sea to her kingdom; but no incident corresponding to that narrated in the ballad is now known to have occurred. The poem is in Lowland Scotch dialect.

4. 1. **Dunfermline.** An abbey and palace in Fifeshire; a favourite residence of Alexander III.

4. 3. **skeely.** Skilful.

5. 9. **braid letter.** Open or patent, in opposition to close rolls

5. 16. **maun.** Must.

6. 42. **gane.** Suffice.

6. 43. **half-fou.** The eighth part of a peck.

6. 55. **the lift.** The sky.

6. 56. **gurly.** Stormy.

6. 57. **lap.** Leaped, *i.e.*, sprang or snapped.

7. 71. **bout.** Perhaps a form of "bolt." Scott in his note interprets "a plank started."

7. 75. **wap.** Wrap tightly.

7. 86. **flattered.** "Fluttered, or rather floated, on the foam."—*Scott.*

8. 93-100. The picture of the ladies walking, with their fans and gold combs, is purely conventional, and evidently gives the point of view of those who have but an outside and distant prospect of life among the upper classes. Note, too, the importance naively given to *feather-beds* (l. 85).

In the briefest, and perhaps best version (see *Child's Ballads* or

Gummere's Ballads), this ballad consists of stanzas corresponding to stanzas 1-3, 5, 6, 12, 13, 21 and 24-27. This makes the wreck take place on the outward voyage, and connects it more immediately and directly with Sir Patrick's agitation on receiving the letter.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF."

8. 4. The words in quotation marks are from Daniel's *Civil War*, Book ii., st. 7.

BOADICEA.

This ode is said to have been written just after Cowper had read the story of Boadicea in Hume's *History of England*. Boadicea was Queen of a British tribe, the Iceni, and having been herself scourged by the Romans and her daughters ill-treated, she revolted in A.D. 61, was defeated, and rather than fall into the hands of the victors poisoned herself. Tennyson treats the same theme in *Metrical Experiments*.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Scott tells us that this is based on a very ancient pibroch [an air for the bagpipes] belonging to the Clan MacDonald; and that it is supposed to refer to a victory of Donald Balloch at Inverlochy in 1431 over the Earls of Mar and Caithness. The Gaelic words to which the melody is set, he translates:

> The pipe summons of Donald the Black.
> The pipe summons of Donald the Black.
> The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering place at Inverlochy.

This poem may be compared with the somewhat parallel description of the effects of the Fiery Cross in the *Lady of the Lake*, III., xiv.

LOCHINVAR.

This poem is from the Fifth Canto of *Marmion*, where it is represented as being sung by Lady Heron, who comes from the Borders; the song deals with Border conditions and is full of Border names.

14. 20. The tide rises in the Solway with extraordinary speed and force; see Scott's *Redgauntlet*, Letter iv., where this fact is made the basis of a picturesque incident.

15. 32. **galliard.** A lively dance.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

This is an incident of the story of the *Lady of the Lake*: King James, in pursuit of a deer, becomes separated from his companions and loses his way in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, the territory of a Highland Chief, Roderick Dhu, who is just beginning hostilities against the King. It has been foretold that the party will be victorious who first

slays an adversary; and in order to make sure of a favourable omen the Highlanders determine to kill the stranger, whose real character is unknown to them, and whom they suspect of being a spy. Their treachery is revealed to James by a wretched victim of Roderick, a Lowland captive named Blanche of Devan. James thereupon slays his pretended guide, Red Murdoch, not before, however, an arrow from Murdoch's bow missing James has given Blanche her death-wound. James now unwittingly stumbles upon the spot where Roderick unattended is passing the night. Each is, of course, unaware of the other's identity. Roderick, true to the laws of hospitality, gives food to the stranger and agrees to pilot him to Lowland territory; on the road they quarrel, Roderick reveals his name, but chivalrously true to his promise takes no advantage of the opportunity to wreak vengeance upon his adversary. At this point the selection begins.

15. 3. The stream drains the chain of lakes, Katrine, Achray and Vennachar.

15. 6. **Bochastle.** An extensive moor containing some remains of intrenchments supposed to be of Roman origin.

16. 13. **Vich-Alpine.** Descendant of Alpine; a title of Roderick.

16. 14, 15. Roderick is ironically quoting from what his companion had said in their earlier conversation.

16. 22. **Coilantogle.** A ford across the river at the eastern end of Loch Vennachar.

16. 39. **read.** Interpreted, explained; common in this sense in our earlier literature.

17. 54. **kern.** Scott uses this word (which properly means an Irish soldier) as equivalent to *cateran*, the Lowland Scotch name for a Highland robber: hence a term of contempt.

17. 61. **carpet-knight.** A knight who is made by the monarch's favour in time of peace, as distinguished from one dubbed on the field for prowess displayed.

17. 67. He had a lock of Blanche of Devan's hair in his bonnet.

17. 69. **ruth.** Pity.

OZYMANDIAS.

The statue here referred to was, according to the Greek historian, Diodorus, reputed to be the largest in Egypt, the foot exceeding seven cubits in length. The inscription was: "I am Ozymandias, king of kings; if any one wishes to know what I am and where I lie let him surpass me in some of my exploits."

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

In 1852 the troopship *Birkenhead*, while carrying about 500 soldiers to the Cape, struck on a rock near Cape Town, and went down in a few minutes. Colonel Seton, who was in command, mustered the men on deck, where they stood until the ship sank under them, in order not to risk the lives of the women and children, who were being put into the few boats that could be launched. Some of the soldiers escaped by swimming or clinging to the wreck, but the Colonel, with over 350 men, perished.

"WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL."

25. 9. **keel.** Properly "to cool," then "to cool by stirring"; it may have been applied also, as other commentators think is the case here, to scumming.

25. 11. **saw.** Saying, especially a maxim, or moral truth.

25. 14. **roasted crabs.** It was the custom to put roasted crab-apples and spices into ale; cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* II., i., 48.

EDINBURGH.

The spectator is supposed to be standing on Blackford Hill, and to be looking due north. Ruskin cites this passage as an example of Scott's delight in colour and his mastery in using it in descriptions.

25. 1, 2. In *Marmion*, from which this extract is taken, an army is represented as encamped in the neighbourhood.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID."

This song is from *Rokeby* where it is sung at the revels of a robber band by one of the bandits. Scott says in his note: "The last verse of this song is taken from an old Scottish ballad." This ballad is now generally held to have been written by Burns, and may be found on p. 93 above.

26. 4. **rue.** A *bitter* herb; on account of having the same spelling as "rue," meaning remorse, this plant was used to symbolize repentance; see *Hamlet*, IV., iv.

26. 7. **Lincoln green.** A green cloth in which, according to the old ballads, foresters, the followers of Robin Hood, etc., were commonly clothed.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

This is one of Tennyson's earliest renderings of an Arthurian legend. He subsequently treated the same subject, in a very different way, in one of the *Idyls of the King*, viz., *Lancelot and Elaine*. "The key to this tale of magic symbolism is of deep human significance, and is to be found in lines 69-72. Canon Ainger, in his *Tennyson for the Young*,

quotes the following interpretation given him by my father: 'The new-born love for something, for some one in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities.'" (*Tennyson's Life by his Son.*)

27. 3. **wold.** Open, rolling land, bare of trees, such as Tennyson was familiar with in Lincolnshire.

27. 5. **Camelot.** The legendary capital of Arthur's kingdom.

TO SLEEP.

33. 14. **watch-case.** The commentators offer two interpretations: "a sentry-box" or "an alarm-watch."

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

35. 4. **shew'th.** Old spelling and pronunciation for "showeth."

35. 8. **timely-happy.** Fortunate in regard to time.

35. 10. **even.** Equal, in proportion to; an adjective here.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Cinque is the French word for "five," though in this connection the old pronunciation, *sink*, is retained. On the five towns mentioned in line 9, William the Conqueror conferred special privileges in consideration for ships which they furnished; they were placed under the supervision of a special officer called the Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Warden referred to in the poem is the Duke of Wellington, and the lines were written shortly after Longfellow had heard of his death in the autumn of 1852.

36. 21. **burden.** In the sense in which we speak of the burden of a song; the refrain.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.

This poem is based upon the following incident: "Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs [the East Kent regiment], having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declared that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill."—(*China Correspondent of the Times.*) This took place in 1860, when Lord Elgin was ambassador to China.

38. 39. The reference is probably to Leonidas, who fell in defending the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persians, thinking, although he knew the defence was hopeless, that a Spartan should not desert his post.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

Scott developed this poem out of the first stanza, which is ancient.

42. 4. sall. Dialectic for "shall."

42. 7. loot. "Did let"; Scotch dialect.

42. 8. Hazeldean is on the Teviot.

42. 11, 12. "Young Frank" evidently belongs to the English side of the Borders. **Langley-dale** is the name of a township in Durham, near Barnard Castle.

42. 19. managed. Trained.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

43. 12. Tantallon's towers. The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, east of North Berwick. It was a principal seat of the Douglas family.

THE CLOUD.

46. 21-30. What natural phenomenon is described in the poetical language of these lines is by no means clear. Since the pilot is the lightning, Shelley may have thought that the motion of the clouds is influenced by electric forces existing in the earth, and may here represent these forces as "genii."

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

Beal' an Duine is the name of a pass in the Trosachs where a battle is represented as taking place between the Lowland army of King James and a Highland force under Roderick Dhu. (See note on *Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu*, p. 181.)

51. 2. Benvenue. A mountain to the south of Loch Katrine.

51. 4. Loch Achray. A lake in the Trosachs.

51. 9. erne. Eagle.

51. 15. Benledi is the name of a mountain north of Loch Achray.

52. 24, 25. silver star. The reference is to the coat of arms of the Morays (or Murrays). The Earl of Mar and the head of the Moray family are leaders on the Lowland side.

52. 28. boune. "Ready," "prepared to set out"; it is the same word which appears in such modern phrases as "homeward bound."

52. 36. barded. Covered with defensive armour; properly the word is applied to horses only.

52. 46. vaward. Another form of "vanguard."

53. 84. Tinchel. "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of game together, who usually made desperate efforts to break through the *tinchel*." (*Scott.*)

54. 119. Bracklinn. About a mile from the village of Callander.

54. 120. linn. Scotch word for "waterfall"; contained in the name *Bracklinn.*

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

"On the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for the propagation of the gospel" is added to the title in the original. These proposals had to do with the endowment of a state church and the establishment of Presbyterianism. Both Milton and Cromwell were Independents; and Milton doubtless hoped that Cromwell would oppose any sort of state church.

55. 7. Darwen stream. This is near Preston, where in 1648, Cromwell routed the Scots in one of the most important battles of the Civil War.

55. 8. Dunbar field. Cromwell defeated the Scots at Dunbar, Sept. 3rd, 1650.

55. 9. Worcester. A victory of Cromwell's, Sept. 3rd, 1651, which he was accustomed to term his "crowning mercy," and which was, in fact, the last battle he had to fight.

55. 14. Compare *Matthew* vii, 15: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Milton, whose sight had long been failing, became blind in 1652, when he was in his 44th year.

55. 3, 4. Compare *Matthew* xxv. Milton modestly considers himself as belonging to the class represented by the servant who received but one talent, and life he regards as no life at all, unless it is devoted to making use of the powers which God gave him.

55. 8. fondly. Foolishly.

IN MEMORIAM: CVI.

57. 19. *In Memoriam* is a series of poems occasioned by the death in 1833 of Tennyson's intimate friend A. H. Hallam, in his 23rd year, Tennyson being some two years older. The lyric in the text follows a long series devoted to lamenting the poet's loss.

BOOK SECOND.

PERSONAL TALK.

60. 13. The gentle Lady. Desdemona, wife of Othello the Moor of Venice in Shakespeare's great tragedy.

60. 14. Una. The heroine of the First Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen.*

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Chapman translated the *Iliad* in 1611, the *Odyssey* in 1616, into English verse; Keats was unable to read Greek.

61. 4. **Apollo,** among the Greek divinities, was the special patron of poetry and the other fine arts.

61. 11. **Cortez** was the conqueror of Mexico, here confused with Balboa. Keats had probably in mind the following passage from Robertson's *History of America:* "At length the Indians assured them that from the top of the next mountain they should discover the ocean, which was the object of their wishes. When with infinite toil they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent Balboa commanded his men to halt, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect below him he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, returned thanks to God who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country and so honourable to himself. His followers, observing his transport of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exultation and gratitude."

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

61. 2. **Sappho.** One of the most famous of Greek lyric poets; she was a native of the island of Lesbos.

61. 4. **Delos.** Island in the Ægean, said to have been summoned out of the deep by the trident of Poseidon, and to have been the birth-place of Apollo (Phœbus).

61. 7. Homer, the great epic poet, was, according to one story, a native of *Scio* (Chios); and Anacreon, a famous writer of love lyrics, was a native of *Teos* on the coast of Asia Minor.

61. 12. **"Islands of the Blest."** See note on p. 124, l. 63. These islands were sometimes identified with the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

62. 13. **Marathon,** in Attica; scene of the Athenian victory over the Persians in 490 B.C.

62. 20. **Salamis.** An island on the coast of Attica, where the Athenian fleet won a great victory over that of Xerxes, 480 B.C.

62. 42. See note p. 38, l. 39.

63. 59. **Cadmus,** according to Greek myth, introduced the use of writing from Phœnecia or Egypt.

63. 64. **Polycrates.** The powerful tyrant of the island of Samos, and a patron of art and literature.

63. 69. **Miltiades** did great service in the struggle against Persia, and led the Athenian troops at Marathon.

64. 74. Suli and **Parga** are modern names of places in Albania.

64. 78. The Heracleidæ (the word means descendant of Hercules), according to Greek tradition, helped the Dorians to conquer the Peloponnesus.

64. 91. Sunium. The ancient name of the southern promontory of Attica. On it was a magnificent temple of Minerva, of which some of the columns are still standing.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

66. 20. lake. This is Esthwaite Lake, a few miles inland from Morecamb Bay, on the west coast of England.

66. 31. village. The village was Hawkshead, where Wordsworth spent his school days.

66. 42. Coleridge in *The Friend* says: "When very many are skating together the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake tinkle." Compare also Tennyson's description of a wintry night in *Morte d'Arthur*, lines 188-190.

"O BRIGNALL BANKS."

This song, like "A weary lot is thine, fair maid" (p. 26 above), is from *Rokeby*, and is sung by the same person upon the same occasion (see note, p. 183). Scott says in a letter to a friend, speaking of *Rokeby*: "There are two or three songs, and particularly one in praise of Brignall Banks, which I trust you will like, because, *entre nous*, I like them myself." Brignall Banks are on the river Greta in Yorkshire; and the other places named are in the immediate neighbourhood.

68. 17. read. Interpret.

68. 40. tuck. Beat.

68. 47. mickle. Much; an antique and provincial form.

CONCLUSION OF "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

The poem of which these lines form the conclusion, is occupied with showing the unsatisfactoriness of the objects of desire, and that if attained they are more likely to bring evil and unhappiness than the reverse.

SONNET XCVIII.

72. 5. In astrology the influence of Saturn was supposed to produce a dull, heavy, or, as it was called, saturnine temperament.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels on the night of June 15, 1815, from which the officers were called away to join in the advance; then followed on the 16th the preliminary engagement of

Quatre Bras, which Byron in the poem chooses to identify with the battle of Waterloo on June 18th.

73. 20. The Duke of Brunswick fell at Quatre Bras; his father had died fighting against Napoleon at Jena (1806).

74. 47. **Lochiel** is the chief of the Camerons.

74. 47. **Albyn.** Gaelic name for Scotland.

74. 49. **pibroch.** Music for the bagpipes.

74. 54. **Evan's, Donald's fame.** "Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, the 'gentle Lochiel' of the 'forty-five'" (*Byron*).

74. 55. **Ardennes.** "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes" (*Byron*). This wood forms part of the field of Waterloo.

CHARLES XII.

Charles XII, the famous warrior-king of Sweden, reigned 1697-1718.

75. 9, 10. **surrounding kings,** viz., Peter the Great of Russia, the King of Denmark, the King of Poland, and the Elector of Saxony; the King of Denmark capitulated in 1700, the King of Poland resigned in 1701.

75. 20. **Pultowa's day.** Charles was defeated at the battle of Pultowa, 1709.

75. 22. Charles took refuge in Turkey, was well received and liberally maintained by the Sultan. He intrigued to win the help of Turkey against Russia, but Russian influence proved the stronger, and at length, in 1714, he made his escape.

75. 30. He was shot in 1718 at Frederickshall, on the coast of Norway; whether by one of the enemy or by an assassin is unknown.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

The second stanza of this poem is an illustration of that gift which Keats shares with the Greeks "for personifying the powers of nature in clearly-defined, imaginary shapes, endowed with human beauty and half-human faculties." Note how pictorial is this stanza, yet the poet does not attempt to give the details which would be presented in an actual picture.

77. 28. **river-sallows.** "Sallows" are willows.

NUTTING.

"The poem—a fragment of autobiography—illustrates the processes and incidents by which Wordsworth's animal joy in nature in boyhood was gradually purified and spiritualized." (Dowden.) It is in the main descriptive; the poet elaborates and lingers on the details, in part for their own sake and because they were associated with the glow of boyish

life and the fairy charm that haunts the fresh experiences of childhood (cf. *To the Cuckoo*, p. 48 above). But it is characteristic of Wordsworth that the poem is not a mere description of nature as it presents itself to the bodily eye, but of nature as influencing man; and that the picture serves to lead up to an interpretation of nature—to the statement of something which is the outcome, not of mere observation by the bodily organs, but of the imaginative and philosophic faculty:—

> A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

78. 11. my frugal dame. This was Anne Tyson, the villager in whose cottage Wordsworth lodged while attending the Grammar School at Hawkshead.

79. 33. water-breaks. Ripples or wavelets.

FAIR HELEN.

This like *Sir Patrick Spens* is from Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. It is an ancient popular song produced under similar conditions (see note, p. 179) to the Ballad proper, from which it differs in its lyrical form, and in the fact that it is the expression of feeling on the part of the supposed speaker instead of being merely an objective narrative. In its simple fashion it is a work of high excellence, exhibiting extraordinary pathos, sincerity, and suggestiveness. As is usually the case with the ballad proper this poem is based on an actual incident, which is narrated by Scott. A lady of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans) daughter of the Laird Kirkconnell in Dumfries-shire was loved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. On account of the opposition of her friends who favoured the other suitor, the lady was accustomed to meet one of these lovers, Adam Fleming by name, at night in the church-yard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. On one of these occasions the rejected lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank and levelled his carbine at his rival; Helen threw herself before her lover, received the bullet and died in his arms. In the desperate combat which followed Fleming hewed the murderer in pieces.

80. 7. burd. Damsel, or lady.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

The scene is laid in London. *Cheapside* is the well-known thoroughfare in the city proper. *Wood Street* runs out of it, and *Lothbury* is a street behind the Bank of England.

IN MEMORIAM, CI.

This poem was written on the occasion of the Tennyson family leaving their old home, the rectory of Somersby, in 1837.

82. 11. lesser wain. This is the constellation of Ursa Minor, in whose tail is the polar star. Ursa Major was popularly called Arthur's Wain, *i.e.*, waggon.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"The fame of the *Elegy* has spread to all countries, and has exercised an influence on all the poetry of Europe, from Denmark to Italy, from France to Russia. With the exception of certain works of Byron and Shakespeare no English poem has been so widely admired and imitated abroad; and after more than a century of existence we find it is as fresh as ever. . . . It possesses the charm of incomparable felicity, of a melody that is not too subtle to charm every ear, of a moral persuasiveness that appeals to every generation, and of metrical skill that in each line proclaims the master. The *Elegy* may almost be looked upon as the typical piece of English verse—our poem of poems; not that it is the most brilliant, or original, or profound lyric in the language, but because it combines in more balanced perfection than any other all the qualities that go to the production of a fine poetical effect."—(*Gosse.*)

84. 41. storied. Bearing an inscription or pictured representation.

84. 51. rage. This word is used by the poets of the 17th and 18th centuries in the sense of poetic fire.

86. 90. pious. In the sense of the Latin *pius*, dutiful; tears which are the natural due of the situation.

87. 119. science. "Knowledge" in the widest sense; this is the 18th century meaning of the word; in the 19th century "science" is usually applied to one part only of the wide field of knowledge.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET.

Robert Levet was one of Dr. Johnson's protegés; he practised medicine in a humble fashion among the very poor, and died in an apartment of Dr. Johnson's house which he had occupied for more than 20 years.

87. 7. officious. In earlier English usage the word did not necessarily imply excess and servility as it does in our day.

88. 28. single talent. Cf. *Matthew*, Chap xxv.

EVENING.

89. 13. **Pandean chorus.** Pan was a Greek divinity who presided over flocks, pastures, and forests; he was also fond of music, and was the inventor of the shepherd or Pandean pipes, consisting of reeds of different lengths fastened together. *Pandean* here may be used with reference to the natural and primitive character of the music, or to the varying notes like the sounds of the various reeds in Pan's pipes.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS."

"There is no sort of historical foundation about 'Good News from Ghent.' I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York,' then in my stable at home." (*Browning.*) Notwithstanding, the actual places which might be passed on the route are accurately indicated and may be traced on the map. It has been conjectured that there may have been in the poet's mind some vague memory of the Pacification of Ghent, which was a treaty of union between various parts of the Low Countries against the Spaniards, and that the necessity for haste might be accounted for by the supposition that the burghers of Aix had resolved to destroy the city at a certain date unless there were some prospect of its being kept out of Spanish hands—a not impossible supposition.

90. 10. **pique.** "The pommel of the saddle. We state this on authority of an army officer, although the meaning is in none of the dictionaries." (*Rolfe's Edition.*)

91. 41. **dome-spire.** The spire of a cathedral (German, *Dom.*)

THE FAREWELL.

93. 10. **maun.** Must.

94. 28. **lee-lang.** Livelong.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

This is the earliest (published in 1842 written at least as early as 1837), and probably best of all the *Idylls of the King;* when included in this series of *Idylls*, the poem was extended and called the *Passing of Arthur*. It is based upon the story of King Arthur's death as told in a famous prose book by Sir Thomas Malory, the *Morte d'Arthur* (written about 1570); Tennyson follows the original story very closely.

94. 3. **King Arthur's table.** In Arthur's hall was a round table with seats to accommodate his knights; after it was named the famous order of knights established by the king.

94. 4. **Lyonnesse.** A fabulous country extending from Cornwall to

the Scilly Isles, and supposed to have been subsequently submerged by the sea.

94. 21. Camelot. See note on p. 27, l. 5.

94. 23. Merlin. The famous magician of the Arthurian legends.

95. 27. Excalibur. In stories of chivalry the weapons of famous warriors, which often possessed magical powers, have commonly special names. *Excalibur* is said to be a Celtic word, meaning "cut-steel."

95. 31. samite. A rich silk stuff, interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

95. 37. middle mere. Middle of the mere; an imitation of a Latin idiom.

96. 80. lief and dear. This is a traditional phrase (cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 596); the word *lief*, which itself means "dear,' is now obsolete, except in the colloquial phrase, "I had as lief."

97. 110. conceit. Used in its original sense of "conception," as in Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*. iii, 4, 2, etc.

98. 129. for = "since," as often in Shakespeare, cf. *Richard III*, II, ii, 85.

101. 235. Cf. Malory, xiv, 2: "Also Merlin made the Round Table, in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by night."

101. 259. Avilion. Malory speaks in one passage of a valley, and in others of an island of Avilion—mere places of earth, however; but in Celtic legend the name is connected with the habitation of the blest, and it is in this sense that the poet uses it here.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

This poem is addressed to the writer's brother, Christopher, who was at that time rector of Lambeth; it refers to the familiar English custom of singing and playing carols from house to house on Christmas Eve.

104. 51. Cytherea's zone. Venus was called Cytherea because she was fabled to have sprung from the sea-foam near the island of Cytherea (modern Cerigo); on her zone or belt were represented all things that would excite love.

104. 52. the Thunderer. Jupiter.

104. 65. Lambeth on the Thames, in greater London, is the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

IN MEMORIAM, LXXXVI.

105. 7, 8. Cf. *The Lady of Shalott*, p. 27, l. 11, above.

105. 7. horned. In classic art rivers were for some unknown reason represented as bulls, and hence the epithet *corniger* (horned) is applied to rivers; cf. *Aeneid*, viii, 77. and *Georgics*, iv, 371.

WOLSEY.

106. 22. Johnson probably had in mind what the play of *Henry VIII*, following the old chronicle, puts in the mouth of Wolsey :

> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, he would not in my age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

Sir George Beaumont was a landscape-painter of some note in his own day, and an intimate friend of Wordsworth. The Peele Castle referred to is on the coast of Lancashire, and opposite is a village where Wordsworth spent four weeks in 1794. In the year (1805) in which the *Elegiac Stanzas* were written, the poet's brother John was drowned in the wreck of the ship of which he was commander.

BOOK THIRD.

THE WISHING-GATE.

To this poem Wordsworth prefixed the following note ; "In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue."

This poem is a fine example of the subtle, quiet charm of Wordsworth's style ; without anything very extraordinary either in thought or expression, these verses are imbued with elevated and soothing dignity and sobriety.

ULYSSES.

Ulysses was one of the Greek heroes who fought against Troy, and was distinguished among them for his wisdom and craft ; on his voyage homeward to his island kingdom of Ithaca he gave offence to Poseidon (Neptune), who delayed his return by various misfortunes. These adventures are the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*, which represents Ulysses as at length restored to his kingdom and his faithful wife Penelope. Tennyson, making use of a hint from Dante's *Inferno*, represents Ulysses after his return as restless amidst the commonplaceness of ordinary life and yearning for further travel and experience.

Tennyson himself said, in speaking to a friend, that *Ulysses* "was written under the sense of loss [of his friend Hallam ; see note on p. 57, l. 19, above], and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought to the end." So that we have in this poem an example of a poetic gift which Tennyson possesses in high measure—the infusion of his own

mood and feeling into an objective character and situation which serve to bring them out and intensify them for the reader.

122. 10. the rainy Hyades. The name of a group of stars in the constellation of Taurus, which, when they rose with the sun, were supposed to bring rainy weather.

124. 60, 61. the baths, etc. The place where the stars, on setting, seem to plunge into the ocean.

124. 62. In Homer, Ocean is represented as a mighty stream encompassing the earth; at its western side its waters plunge into a vast chasm where is the entrance to Hades, the dwelling of the dead.

124. 63. the Happy Isles. The "Fortunatæ Insulæ" (Islands of the Blessed) which were supposed to lie somewhere in the western ocean, and were sometimes identified with Elysium, the abiding place of departed heroes.

124. 64. Achilles. The greatest of the Greek heroes at the siege of Troy.

THE RECOLLECTION.

This poem was addressed "To Jane," *i.e.*, Shelley's friend, Mrs. Williams, and recalls a day spent in a pine forest near Pisa in Italy.

ŒNONE.

The story and personages of this poem are derived from Greek myth.

128. 1. Ida. Name of a mountain chain in the district of Troas which surrounded the famous city of Troy.

128. 2. Ionian. Ionia was a name applied to a narrow strip of the west coast of Asia Minor.

129. 10. topmost Gargarus. The top of Gargarus (cf. note on p. 95, l. 37); **Gargarus** is one of the highest peaks of Ida.

129. 13. Ilion. Troy.

130. 40-42. According to the myth, the walls of Troy rose under the influence of Apollo's lyre; cf. *Tithonus:*

> Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing.
> While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

130. 52. Simois. One of the rivers of Troas.

130. 66. In the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides at the western limits of the world were certain golden apples often referred to in classic legend.

131. 74. Oread. Mountain-nymph.

131. 76. married brows. Meeting eyebrows were regarded as a beauty by the Greeks.

131. 79-81. The occasion referred to was the marriage of the myth-

ical Greek hero Peleus; he had omitted to invite Eris, the Goddess of Discord, and she took this method of punishing his neglect.

131. 83. Iris was the official messenger of the gods.

131. 85, 86. Herè (Juno) was the wife of Zeus and the queen of the Olympian gods; **Pallas** (Minerva) was the Goddess of Wisdom; and **Aphroditè** (Venus), of Love.

131. 97. amaracus and asphodel. Greek names of flowers associated with scenes of extraordinary or unearthly beauty; the former has been identified by some with sweet marjoram, the latter with a species of lily.

131. 98. Lotus. See note on the *Lotos-Eaters*, p. 197.

132. 104. peacock. The peacock was sacred to Herè.

134. 174. Idalian So called from *Idalium*, in Cyprus, one of her favourite haunts.

134. 175. According to the myth, Aphroditè was born of the foam of the sea, and *Paphos*, a city of Cyprus, was the place where she landed after her birth.

134. 178. Ambrosial. This is an epithet applied by Homer to things pertaining to the gods; it may refer to the fragrance of the hair.

134. 187. This was Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Lacedæmon; her subsequent abduction by Paris was the cause of the Trojan war.

135. 208, 209. In order to make ships to carry Paris to Greece that he might win Helen.

136. 246 fol She has a vague premonition of the evils that will come to Troy from this bribe of Aphroditè's.

136. 263. Cassandra. Daughter of Priam, King of Troy; on her Apollo bestowed the gift of prophecy, with the provision, however, that none of her predictions should ever be believed; so when she foretold the destruction of Troy they shut her up as mad.

"SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS."

137. 2. Dove. A beautiful stream that rises on the borders of Derby and Stafford, and flows into the Trent.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

The germ of this poem is contained in a few lines of Homer's *Odyssey* (Bk. ix, 82 fol.), when Ulysses, in the story of his adventures, says: "But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the Lotos-Eaters, who feed on flowers. . . . I sent forward ship-mates to go and ask what manner of men they might be who lived on the land by bread, having picked out two men, and sent a third with them as herald. And they went their way forthwith, and mixed with the Lotos-Eaters; so the

Lotos-Eaters plotted not harm to our ship-mates, but gave them of lotos to eat. But whoever of them ate the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos no longer was he willing to bring back tidings or to come back; but there they wished to abide, feeding on the lotos with the Lotos-Eaters, and all forgetful of home."

Lotus was a name applied to several species of plants; perhaps the one which afforded a basis for the lotus of the Odyssey was the *Zizyphus Lotus*, which is described as a low, thorny shrub, bearing fruit about the size of a sloe, with a sweet, farinaceous pulp.

139. 1. **he said,** *i.e.*, Ulysses, the leader of the band.

140. 23. **galingale.** A species of sedge.

140. 34. The voices of the dead were supposed to be shrill and weak. (See *Aeneid*, vi, 492, and *Hamlet*, I, i.)

143. 120. **the island princes.** The home of Ulysses and his companions was the island of Ithaca.

143. 133. **amaranth.** A fabulous flower, which (as the etymology indicates) never faded; so Milton speaks of "immortal amaranth" in *Par. Lost*, iii, 358.

143. 133. **moly.** Another fabulous flower with mystic properties. (See *Odyssey*, x, 305, and *Comus*, 636.)

143. 142. **acanthus.** A plant with graceful, pendant leaves, whose form is familiar in the capital of Corinthian columns.

144. 154. **hollow.** Consisting of a valley, or full of valleys; cf. the opening description.

144. 155. fol. The calmness and indifference of the gods was a notion of the Epicurean philosophy.

144. 169. **Elysian valleys.** *Elysium* was the abode of heroes after death.

144. 170. **asphodel.** See note, p. 131, l. 97.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

145. 1. Milton's young friend to whom this sonnet is addressed, was the grandson of Sir Edward Coke (1549-1634), a distinguished judge and authority on English law.

145. 2. **Themis.** A personification of order as established by law and equity.

145. 3. **pronounced.** "Laid down as a judge"; we speak of a judge *pronouncing* sentence.

145. 7. **Archimedes** (B.C. 287-212), a distinguished Greek mathematician and physicist.

145. 8. At the time this sonnet was written (about 1655), the Swedes were at war with Poland and Russia, the French with Spain.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

147. 26. the solar walk. The apparent course of the sun through the heavens.

147. 41. gust. Taste; *for thy gust*, to please thyself.

148. 66. A *seraph* is an angel of exalted rank; the word comes from a Hebrew root meaning "to burn," hence Pope's "burns."

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

152. 1. King's College was founded by King Henry VI, who had a reputation for sanctity (see Shakespeare, *Richard III*, v, i).

AFTERTHOUGHT.

This concludes a series of sonnets upon the River Duddon, in which the poet follows the stream downward from its source. The Duddon rises where Westmoreland, Cumberland and Lancashire meet, and flows south into Morecambe Bay.

IN MEMORIAM, LXIV.

155. 1. The poet addresses his dead friend, see note on p. 57, l. 19.

ODE TO EVENING.

156. 1. oaten stop. The shepherds in classical pastoral poetry are represented as playing upon pipes made from the stalks of oats; the *stops* are the holes by means of which, as in a flute, the various notes are produced. "Oaten stop" is therefore, equivalent to the next phrase, "pastoral song."

ST. AGNES' EVE.

January 21st is sacred to St. Agnes, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. With the eve of St. Agnes' day various superstitions were connected, especially that upon observing certain rites a maiden might have a vision of her future husband (cf. Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*); the heroine of Tennyson's poem has her vision also, though of a very different character from those ordinarily associated with the season.

159. 19. Cf. *II Corinthians* v. i.: "For we know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

159. 21. Break up. Break open, as in *Matthew* xxiv., 43.

159. 35. the shining sea. Cf. *Revelation* xv., 2: "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

IN MEMORIAM, CXV.

159. 2. **quick.** A *living* hedge, usually of hawthorne.

INTRODUCTION TO "PARADISE LOST," BOOK III.

160. 7. **hear'st thou rather.** "Dost thou prefer to be called;" an imitation of a Latin use of *audio* (cf. Horace's *Satires II*, vi., 20.)

160. 14. **Stygian pool.** The gulf of Hell which he had described in the first book. *Styx* (whence the adjective *Stygian*) was one of the rivers of Hades.

161. 17. **Orphean lyre.** Alluding to the Hymn to Night attributed to the mythical Greek poet Orpheus.

161. 25, 26. **drop serene.** A translation of *gutta serena*, a medical term of the time for a certain form of blindness; as is also *dim suffusion* in the following line.

161. 35, 36. **Thamyris** is a poet mentioned by Homer (*Iliad II*, 595); **Mæonides** is Homer himself; **Tiresias** and **Phineus** are two blind prophets of Greek story; the former was particularly famous (cf. Tennyson's *Tiresias*.)

"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP."

162. 4. **cleanly.** Perhaps in the sense of completely; cf. "clean gone," *Psalms* lxxvii., 8.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

162. 1. **Pan.** See note, p. 89, l. 13.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

164. 21. **Mænad.** A follower of Bacchus, frenzied under his influence and represented as dancing and shouting wildly.

165. 32. **Baiæ's Bay.** The Bay of Naples.

THE LOST LEADER.

171. 29 fol. It is best that our recreant leader should now fight with all his strength (as we taught him to fight) on behalf of the new cause he has adopted; our cause will ultimately triumph, and he will acknowledge that we were right.

ODE TO DUTY.

This is one of the finest examples of Wordsworth's power to show the poetic side of the homely and commonplace. In this case he throws the charm of imagination and sentiment, not about a person, or object, or incident of life, but about a feeling, daily experienced, and—to the poetic temperament especially—often painful and oppressive, the feeling of moral obligation, that something ought to be done. This ode is an

example of what Matthew Arnold held to be the true function of poetry—"the criticism of life"—"the powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life"; it is not didactic in tone, it does not preach; it quickens the moral nature by the contagion of noble enthusiasm, by the power of insight and of truth.

172. 37, 38. Even the very young know something of this weight in holiday times, when there has been, during a prolonged period, an absence of fixed employments, and of calls which must be attended to.

"O LYRIC LOVE."

The extraordinarily beautiful, though very obscure, passage is a sort of dedication by the poet of his great work, the *Ring and the Book*, to his dead wife, Elizabeth Barret Browning. The attempt to construe and interpret these lines is an excellent literary discipline, but no one need be ashamed to confess himself, in some parts, baffled.

IN MEMORIAM, CXIV.

174. 12. **Pallas.** A name of Athene (Minerva), the Goddess of Wisdom who, according to the myth, came into existence by springing fully armed from her father Zeus's head.

175. 25. The poet again addresses his dead friend Hallam.

THE POET.

175. 13. There is a reference to the blowing of small poisoned arrows from a tube by certain tribes of Indians.

175. 15. **Calpe.** One of the pillars of Hercules, identified with Gibraltar which was considered the Western boundary of the ancient world; as was Caucasus the Eastern.

CALLICLES' SONG.

177. 5. **not here.** *i.e.*, not on Etna.

177. 7. **Helicon.** A mountain in Boeotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, running down to the Gulf of Corinth.

177. 11. **Thisbe.** A town in the valley to the south of Helicon.

178. 30. **The Nine.** The nine Muses.

178. 38. On Mount Helicon were two famous fountains sacred to the Muses—Aganippe and Hippocrene.

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